

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

DR. TALMAGE ON THE DEPARTING CENTURY.

The Christian Nations of the Earth
And Join in a Great Love Feast
In Death-Def of the Nineteenth
century.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 21, 1898.—At the Brooklyn Tabernacle this forenoon, Rev. Dr. Talmage preached a sermon of unusual interest to a vast audience, the subject being "The Nineteenth Hundredth Anniversary; A Position Concerning It." The text was taken from Isaiah 54:5: "To us a child is born." That is a tremendous hour in the story of any family when an important spirit is incarnated. Out of a very dark cloud there descends a very bright morning. One life spared and another given. All the bells of gladness ring over the cradle. I know not any one should doubt that of old pointed down to the Savior's place, for a star of joy points to every honorable nativity. A eternity dates from that hour, a minute. Beautiful and appropriate is the custom of celebrating anniversary of such an event, and far on in the eighties and the nineties, the recurrence of that day the year in an old man's life causes recognition and more or less congratulation. So, also, nations are accustomed to celebrate the anniversary of their birth and the anniversary of the death of their great heroes or deliverers. The 22d of February and the Fourth of July are never allowed to pass in our land without banquet and oration and bell ringing and cannonade. But all other birthday anniversaries are tame compared with the Christ's festivity, which celebrates the birthday described in my text. Protestant and Catholic and Greek churches, with all the power of music and garland and procession and doxology, put the words of my text into national and continental and hemispheric chorus: "To us a child is born." On the 25th of December each year that is the theme in St. Paul's and St. Peter's and St. Mark's and St. Isaac's and all the dedicated cathedrals, chapels, meeting houses and churches clear round the world. We shall soon reach the nineteenth hundredth anniversary of that happiest event of all time. This century is dying. Only seven more pulsations and its heart will cease to beat. The fingers of many of you will write at the head of your letters and the foot of your important documents, "1900." It will be a physical and moral sensation unlike anything else you have before experienced. Not one hand that wrote "1801" at the induction of this century will have cunning left to write "1901" at the induction of another. The death of one century and the birth of another century will be sublime and suggestive and stupendous beyond all estimate. To stand by the grave of one century and by the cradle of another will be an opportunity such as whole generations of the world's inhabitants never experience. I pray God that there may be no sickness or casualty to hinder your arrival at that goal, or to hinder your taking part in the valedictory of the departing century and the salutation of the new. But as that season will be the nineteenth hundredth of a Savior's nominate that national jubilee opened in this sea coast on of Decem

will be converted to Christ by hearing Confucianism or Buddhism or any form of heathenism theologized. That is to be done afterward. And how can it so well be done as by a celebration of many weeks of the birth and character and achievements of the wondrous and unprecedented Christ? To such an exposition the kings and queens of the earth would not send their representatives; they would come themselves. The story of a Savior's advent could not be told without telling the story of his mission. All the world would say, why this ado, this universal demonstration? What a vivid presentation it would be, when, at such a convocation, the physicians of the world should tell what Christ had done for hospitals and the assuagement of human pain, and when Christian lawyers declare what Christ has done for the establishment of good laws, and Christian conquerors should tell what Christ had done in the conquest of nations, and Christian rulers of the earth would tell what Christ had done in the government of earthly dominions. Thirty days of such celebration would do more to tell the world who Christ is than any thirty years. Not a land on earth but would hear of it and discuss it. Not an eye so dimmed by the superstition of ages but would see the illumination. The difference of Christ's religion from all others is that its one way of dissemination is by a simple "telling," not argument, not skillful evisceration, polemics or the science of theological fist cuffs, but "telling." "Tell ye the daughter of Zion, behold, thy king cometh." "Go quickly and tell his disciples that he has risen from the dead." "Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." "When he is come, he will tell us all things." A religion of "telling." And in what way could all nations so well be told that Christ had come as by such an international emphasizing of his nativity? All India would cry out about such an affair, for you know they have their railroads and telegraphs: "What is going on in America?" All China would cry out: "What is that great excitement in America?" All the islands of the sea would come down to the gang planks of the arriving ships and ask: "What is it that they are celebrating in America?" It would be the mightiest missionary movement the world has ever seen. It would be the turning point in the world's destiny. It would waken the slumbering nations with one touch.

Question the second: How would you have such an international jubilee conducted? Answer: all art should be marshalled, and art in its most attractive and impressive shape. First: architecture. While all academies of music and all churches and all great halls would be needed, there should be one great auditorium erected to hold such an audience as has never been seen on any sacred occasion in America. If Scribonius Curio at the cost of a kingdom could build the first two vast amphitheatres, placing them back to back, holding great audiences for dramatic representation, and then by wonderful machinery could turn them round with all their audiences in them, making the two auditoriums one amphitheater, to witness a gladiatorial contest, and

or whisper or harp or flute or trumpet, or thunder the praises of the Lord, joined to all voices that can chant or warble or present a multitudinous worshipers. What an arousing when 50,000 join in Antioch or Coronation or Ariel, rising into Hallelujah, or subsiding into an almost supernatural Amen!

Yea, let sculpture stand on pedestals all around that building, the forms of apostles and martyrs, men and women, who spoke or wrought, or suffered by headman's ax or fire. Where is my favorite of all arts, this art of sculpture that it is not busier for Christ or that its work is not better appreciated? Let it come forth at that World's Jubilee of Nativity. We want a second Phidias to do for that new temple what the first Phidias did for the Parthenon. Let the marble of Carrara come to resurrection to celebrate our Lord's resurrection. Let sculptors set up in that auditorium of Christ's celebration bas-relief and intaglio descriptive of the battles won for our holy religion. Where are the Canovas of the nineteenth century? Where are the American Thornwaldsens and Chantreys? Hidden somewhere, I warrant you. Let sculpture turn that place into another Acropolis, but more glorious by as much as our Christ is stronger than Hercules, and has more to do with the sea than their Neptune, and raises greater harvests than their Ceres and rouses more music in the heart of the world than their Apollo. "The gods of the heathen are nothing but dumb idols, but our Lord made the heavens." In marble pure as snow celebrate him, who came to us to make us "whiter than snow." Let the chisel as well as pencil and pen be put down at the feet of Jesus.

Yea, let painting do its best. The foreign galleries will loan for such a jubilee their Madonnas, their Angels, their Reubens, their Raphaels, their "Christ at the Jordan," or "Christ at the Last Supper," or "Christ Coming to Judgment," or "Christ on the Throne of Universal Dominion," and our own Morans will put their pencils into the nineteenth hundredth anniversary, and our Bierstadts from sketching "The Domes of the Yosemite" will come to present the domes of the world conquered for Emmanuel.

Added to all this I would have a floral decoration on a scale never equalled. The fields and open gardens could not furnish it, for it will be winter, and that season appropriately chosen, for it was into the frosts and desolations of winter that Christ immigrated when he came to our world. But while the fields will be bare, the conservatories and hothouses within two hundred miles would gladly keep the sacred colosseum radiant and aromatic during all the convocations.

Added to all, let there be banquets, not like the drunken bout at the Metropolitan opera house, New York, celebrating the centennial of Washington's inauguration, where the rivers of wine drowned the sobriety of so many senators and governors and generals, but a banquet for the poor, the feeding of scores of thousands of people of a world in which the majority of the inhabitants have never yet had enough to eat; not a banquet at which a few favored men and women of social or political fortune

position, it will be heeded and adopted. On the other hand, if it be too sanguine, or too hopeful, or too impractical, I am sure it will do no harm that I have expressed my wish for such an international Jubilee, celebrative of the birth of our Immanuel. My friends, such a birthday celebration at the close of one century and reaching into a new century would be something in which heaven and earth could join. It would not only be international, but interplane, interstellar, intercosmic. If you remember what occurred on the first Christmas night, you know that it was not a joy confined to our world. The choir above Bethlehem was imported from another world, and when the star left its usual sphere to designate the birthplace all astronomers felt the thrill. If there be anything true about our religion it is that other worlds are sympathetic with this world and in communication with it. The glorified of heaven would join in such a celebration. The generations that toiled to have the world for Christ would take part in such jubilation and prolonged assemblage. The upper galleries of God's universe would applaud the scene, whether we heard the clap of their wings and the shout of their voices, or did not hear them. Prophets who predicted the Messiah, and apostles who talk d with him, and martyrs who died for him, would take part in the scene, though to our poor eyesight they might be invisible. The old missionaries who died in the malarial swamps of Africa, or were struck down with Egyptian typhus, or were butchered at Lucknow, or were slain by Bornesian cannibals, would come down from their thrones to rejoice that at last Christ had been heard of, and so speedily in all nations. At the first roll of the first overture of the first day of that meeting all heaven would cry: "Hear! Hear!"

Aye! I bethink myself such a vast procedure as that might hasten our Lord's coming, and that the expectation of many millions of Christians, who believe in the second advent, might be realized then at that conjunction of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. I do not say it would be, yet who knows but that our blessed and adored Master, pleased with such a plan of world-wide observance, might say, concerning this wandering and rebellious planet: "That world, at last, shows a disposition to appreciate what I have done for it, and with one wave of my scarred hand, I will bless and reclaim and save it." That such a celebration of our Lord's birth, kept up for days and months, would please all the good of earth, and mightily speed on the gospel chariot, and please all the heavens, saintly, cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, and Divine, is beyond question. Oh, get ready for the world's greatest festivity! Tune your voices for the world's greatest anthem. Lift the arches for the world's mightiest procession. Let the advancing standard of the army of years, which has inscribed on one side of it "1900" and on the other side "1901," have also inscribed on it the most charming name of all the universe—the name of Jesus.

Before the crossing of time on the night between Dec. 31, 1900, and the day of January, 1901, many of us are gone. Some of you will hear the clock strike 12 of one century and after it hear it strike 1 of another century, but many of you will at midnight hear either the of the city clock, or of the old clock in the hallway of the home—seven years out a wide swath of churches and communities. But those who cross the old to world before Old Time in crosses that midnight from one century will talk among the of the coming earthly jubilee on the river bank and in the Many Mansions, until all know of the coming of ration, that will fill the tions with joy and help nations of heaven. But, ere or there, we will take music and banqueting, if de the Lord our portion. could like to stand at my some morning or noon or e the sky part and the descend in person, not as in the last judgment, nd hail and earth—in sweet tenderness, I sin, and heal all wipe away all tears, hunger, and right all illumine all darkness, ondage, and harmonize me think he will thus : hat coming I make r I am not enough criptures, as some of to announce

A BUILDING IN THE CLOUDS.

Marquette Temple, Chicago, Ill.

This unparalleled structure is twenty-three stories, 335 feet in height. The top floor is thirty-two feet higher than any other pinnacle of observation in Chicago. It is at once the grandest and highest commercial building in the world. The ground floor on which it stands, at the northeast corner of State and Randolph streets, is valued at \$125 per square foot, perhaps the most valuable piece of ground in America, and the value of the building and lots is \$1,500,000. The first corner stone was laid Nov. 8, 1890, and the last stone put in place Nov. 4, 1891. It is built of granite and marble, bronze and steel. The framework is composed of 4,790 tons of steel work. In the building there was used 1,600 carloads of fireproof tiling. Fourteen passenger elevators are required and in constant use in carrying the people to the various floors and to the great observatory, which occupies the entire top floor. As many as 5,000 people a day visit this enjoyable point of look-out, from whence Chicago, with its millions of people, its wonderful buildings, its broad streets teeming with life, and beautiful Lake Michigan are seen as from the clouds.

The sensation of a first outlook is one long to be remembered, and the view increases in interest as one continues to strain the eye in hope of reaching still farther into distance. The canopy of the rotunda is a glass dome over the light-shaft. This shaft extends from the rotunda, which is on the ground floor. Through this immense dome the rays of light from every point converge, and, reflected by the pure white and glistening marble walls and pillars of the great shaft, give light for all interior rooms.

Two immense Corliss engines, of 500-horse power each, are required to run the sixteen elevators.

There is no machinery in or under the building. Eight steel boilers, six dynamos and eight large pumps, besides shafting, tanks, receivers, etc., are all located under the alleys north and east of the building, leaving the basement probably the finest underground room in the world. Twelve and one-half tons of electric wires (277,000 feet) were used in the electric light plant with which the building is supplied. The building is heated by steam. Each elevator makes an average of 150 round trips per day, and carries an average of twelve people each way. The seventeenth, eighteenth, two-thirds of nineteenth and one-third of twentieth floors are fitted up for the exclusive use of Masonic societies. The sixteen lower stories are devoted to business and office uses. The combined annual rental of this building approximates \$550,000 per annum.

In the temple you can see the largest elevator plant in any building in the world; the greatest machinery plant in any building in the world; the largest observatory in the world. Capacity of observatory, 2,000 people; capacity of elevators, 100,000 people a day. In twenty-two months 615,995 people visited the observatory.

RANDOM READING.

European railroads have no grade crossings.

The newest orange knife has a saw-edge back.

An aluminum bridge over Gibraltar is proposed.

Hailstorms very rarely occur in countries where there is a large growth of timber.

Every member of the British army in India has been rearmmed with the new magazine rifles.

A new Italian labor union in Brooklyn provides that only American citizens are eligible for membership.

Since the assassination of President Garfield by Guiteau all letters from "cranks" have been left on file for reference at the executive mansion.

Don Jose Galindo, mayor of Valencia, Spain, has been sentenced to fourteen years each on 217 indictments for falsifying public documents, or 3,038 years in all.

The death of Sarah Bowman at Ephrata, Pa., almost puts an end to one of the many peculiar religious orders of early Pennsylvania. The sisterhood to which Sarah Bowman belonged was founded about 150 years ago, and for a long time flourished as a communistic organization. Of late, however, its numbers have been reduced until